

# Caliban, Sunday's Words

[Caliban]

What can ever bloom again, when the power to live is missing, dryness sows hate inside of my head  
Fading lust, a flower made of stone, forgotten in being.  
Broken of life, disintegrated of illusion.  
The dread lets me feel the force of love, to refuse my power, I hate the thirst of love.  
It will judge me, judge me until death.  
Sunday means flesh.